heath—an excellent hunt. The boar attempted to take to the forest, but the dogs pressed so hard that he had not time to break through the trellice, and so ran along it to the first gate, passing close to the Queen's carriage. Nothing could be finer than this scene; the day bright and warm, and everything beautifully set off by the presence of so magnificent a company of hunters. After the boar got into the forest, he was so frequently headed that he only hopped from square to square, till at last he was seized and brought down by the dogs and shot by the Count d'Artois. The latter part of the hunt was not very amusing.

26th. Dined at the Count de Vergennes, ministre des affaires étrangères, with most of the corps diplomatique. Then to the new opera of *Phedre*. Supped with the Baron de Breteuil, ministre des affaires intérieures. His daughter, Madame de Matignon, did the honours. Those of the corps diplomatique whom I met there were the Count de Mercy (Imperial) very starched; Sumapis (Sardinian) | Staal (Swedish); Timolin (Russian), who is ruining himself in his

old days
with Madame Albert; Suffrein (Malta), a dis-
tinguished admiral, very fat, with a good-natured
face; Goltz (Prussian), very stupid; and Blome
(Danish), very dirty.